

The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON.

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POETRY.

LIFE IS SWEET.

"O, life is sweet!" said a merry child,
"And I love, I love to roam
In the meadow, green, beneath the sky serene;
O! the world is a fairy home:
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And flowers gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sunlit day;
O! the world is a world of light!"

"O! life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,
As he conched the storied page,
And he pondered on the days by gone,
And the time of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eyes,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt no dread of fears.

"O! life is sweet!" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while,
To the dear one by her side.
"O! life is sweet!" for we will live
Our country to prove—
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine—
Our solace in our love."

"O! life is sweet!" said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child,
And closer pressed to her gladdened breast
Her babe, who unconscious smiled.
"My life shall be for thee, my child,
"Pure, guileless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the one that forms a part!"

"O! life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent, his strength was spent,
Could life be sweet to him?
O, yes! for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung,
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

This life is sweet, from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age,
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied state,
And though, perchance, the path is rough,
And dark the sky above,
In every state there's something yet,
To live for and to love.

A GOOD ONE.—The Boston Post one of the epicist and best papers published in the country is responsible for the following good one:
Two brokers, A and B, were traveling together, and, during the journey, traded in stocks, in which operation A shaved B enormously. One morning, after B had become conscious of his sinning, he told A he had a remarkable vision during the night. "Indeed," says A, "what was it?" "Why," replied B, "I dreamed that I was dead, and cast into the dominions of the Evil One—the black spirit considered my case, and assigned me a place in a very warm corner of his dominions. Others of our acquaintance and profession I saw present, and heard doomed to various degrees of suffering; the docket was manifested, when an unusual bustle was manifested by the attending fiends, and I saw one of them leading you in and I heard him announce your name to the cloven-footed chief, and relate a brief sketch of your character. The judge seemed puzzled what to do with you—he ordered the fiend who had you in charge to repeat a portion of your history, when, looking with an unsatisfied gaze into some of the deepest pits around him, Satan suddenly rose and with an air of great deference said, "Mr. A you may take my chair."

DRAFTSMAN WITHOUT SALT.—Cut up the steak into pieces about the size of a man's fist; envelope each piece separately in corn meal; pack away in a close vessel in as cool a place as you have, taking care to have a sufficiency of meal between each piece to absorb any moisture that may accumulate. We save all our steak in this way and never have lost any. Try it.

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer who had long paid his court to a lady, without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she archely replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney." "Forgive me," replied the suitor, "but you should remember that all votaries of Cupid are attorneys."

THE GRAVES OF THE LOVED.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulses of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the object, but the love that is seated on the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense, languishing and declining with the charms which excite them, turn with shuddering and disgust from the precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that true spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and turns like a holy flame to illuminate and sanctify the heart of the survivor. The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other would we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this would we consider it a duty to keep open—the afflictions we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the daughter who would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of his loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal—would accept consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No: the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has won, it likewise has its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden and convulsive agony is over—the present ruin of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would not out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No: there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs remorse and regret and tender recollection. Who can look upon the grave of a friend, and not feel a comparative thank that he had ever warmed against the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

For the graves of those we loved—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and happiness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unobserved in the daily intercourse of life; the tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its useless attendance, its motive, watchful assidues—the last testimonials of expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give once more assurance of affection!

As you to the grave of a buried love and meditate! There settle the account with conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endowment unregarded, of that departed being who can never return to be soothed by thy contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bloom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness and truth—if thou art a friend who hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, the spirit that generously confided in thee—sit thou at a lover, and hast given one unremembered pang to that heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon the memory and knock down upon thy soul; then be sure thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repenting on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear more deep and bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers and strew the beauties of Nature about the grave—console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender yet fertile tributes of regret, and take warning by the bitterness of this contrite affection over the dead, and henceforth be more affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.—During a lecture on popular Education, recently delivered, Governor Briggs related the following incident:
"Twelve or fifteen years ago I left Washington three or four weeks during the spring. While at home I possessed myself with the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son, while yet a boy 12 years of age, in Europe—says she, 'I would rather see you in your grave than that you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.'"

After returning to Washington, I went over to Mr. Adams' seat one day and said to him: "Mr. Adams, I have found out who made you." "What do you mean?" said he. "I replied, 'I have been reading the letters of your mother!'" "If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly or his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He started up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said:

"Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother."
What a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had in his remembrance all the scenes of his manhood!
"All that is good in me I owe to my mother!" Mothers think of this when your bright-eyed little boy is about you: Mothers make the first impressions upon their children, and those impressions will be the last to be effaced.

When we hear a man say, "I will consult my wife," we unhesitatingly set that man down as a safe one to do business with.

GAMBLING IN CALIFORNIA.

In one of these gaming houses, the El Dorado, (writes a gentleman in California,) we saw a young man, not more than nineteen, walk boldly to the table and deposit a large sum upon the ace. He won, and, letting the increased amount remain, he won again. Seizing the whole, he walked quietly away the winner of twenty-two thousand dollars in dust.

He was followed by a miner—a rough, reckless, hardly yet honest looking fellow, who laid his bag of gold, recently acquired, upon the card which had thus proved so lucky for the youth. He won; and doubling the bet, he won again. Flashed by his success he placed the whole on the same card, and was followed by at least a dozen others. All around and on the card were cards of gold, money, dust, and counters. The ace had proved so remarkable lucky, all were induced to risk a great deal. "Time" was called by the dealer, and instantly all was hushed and still as death. The faces of all were blanched with suspense, both the dealers and the betters. Slowly the cards were dealt—not a sound was heard until the ace was revealed, favorable to the bank. Curses and imprecations—shouts of "fail! fail!" resounded, and hoarse threats were made, until the two dealers coolly produced their revolvers, declaring every thing fair, and announcing the bank a winner of ninety-five thousand dollars!

These scenes are less frequent now than at the commencement of the gold excitement, but the truth of them will be readily testified to by hundreds of returned adventurers.

Another evening, to the Bella Union, we saw three games of "seven up" played for four thousand dollars a game. One man won the whole twenty-one thousand dollars, and walked away, seemingly unconcerned, to the two banks, where he risked and lost ten thousand dollars at one bet, and then departed, satisfied, with the remaining portion of his "seven up" winnings.

An intimate friend of the writer, having occasion to go by the river, took passage on board a small steamer. On the way up he had a little "poker" with the captain and won thirty five hundred dollars in cash and the steamer and all her fittings! He generously returned the loss to the captain, however, and contented himself with the money. A remarkable instance of generosity in a country where gambling is carried to such an extent that all sympathy quickly becomes extinct!

MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—It is determined, we believe, by the directors to commence laying the superstructure of this road next week; and we have every assurance that within three or four months at farthest the whole work to Citronelle (thirty-three miles) will be finished and in operation. This of itself will infuse new life into our own tardy share payers and perhaps bring numbers of new subscribers who will be more prompt in making payments.

It is also understood that over two hundred miles of the road beyond will soon be let out for grading. In Mississippi the bona fide, unconditional subscriptions amount to full \$900,000, and the moment the ground is broken in that state this sum will be greatly increased. In every view of the subject, therefore, the prospects for an early completion of the great enterprise are most cheering. The lands granted by government to aid the construction of the road, are, we believe all located and now possess an available value. This liberal donation, with the thirty-three miles of the road in working order, will enable the company to make the best possible arrangements for pushing on the work with all needful vigour. Indeed, there is nothing now in the way—if the Mobile shareholders pay up promptly of arranging for the completion of the entire road to the mouth of the Ohio river within five years. It can be done. Will not our people say it shall be done? Think what a picture Mobile will then present!—[Her. & Trib.]

SCENE IN A DENTIST'S OFFICE.—A male representative of the Emerald Isle enters, hat in hand, with—"The top of the morning to you, sir, and I got a bad tooth, and the devil a bit of comfort can I get short a bottle of brandy; and I've got one of father Matthy's medals to kape me from all such evil spirits, sure. Now, sir, what'll you be aixin to pull a tooth?"

"Half a dollar," says the doctor.

"Well," says Pat, "what'll you pull two for?"

"Oh," replied the doctor, "I won't charge you anything for pulling the second one."

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug and the doctor took a peep at his grinder, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found which were the ones that Pat wanted out.

Says Pat, "this is the first one, and that is the second one. Plaze pull the second one first."

"Very well," replied the doctor, "any way to get them out," and he pulled.

Before he had time to fit the instrument for the other tooth, (the first one,) Pat got out of the chair and was edging toward the door.

"I guess, Doctor, I went home the first tooth pulled out it rakes, and you told me you would pull the second one for nothing!"

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.

ONCE MORE TO THE RESCUE.—We have gained a great victory in Kemper but let not the Union men sleep upon their posts. A great struggle is yet to come off in November, it becomes us to be vigilant, active and persevering. Remember that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, sleep not upon your posts, Union men. The enemy roused to desperation by their defeat will redouble their exertion. Every article of their ingenuity or their despair can suggest, will be put in requisition. It becomes every friend of the Union to be wide awake to their effort and guard well the colors of the constitution which have planted upon the citadel of liberty. With effort we may double if not triple our majority in November and give an effectual quietus to the advocates of resistance to the laws of our country in Kemper. To do this, the friends of the Union must be vigilant, active and industrious. Again we repeat "once more brothers to the rescue and the day is ours.—Republican Pilot & Sentinel.

A man who loves his family will take a newspaper; and a man who respects his family will always pay for it.

EXTRACTS FROM JACKSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

It is no longer a question, whether this great country can remain happily united and flourish under our present form of government. Experience, the unerring test of all human undertakings, has shown the wisdom and foresight of those who formed it; and has proved that in the union of these States, there is a sure foundation for the highest hopes of freedom, and for the happiness of the people. AT EVERY HAZARD AND EVERY SACRIFICE, THIS UNION MUST BE PRESERVED.

The possible dissolution of the Union, has at length become an ordinary and familiar subject of discussion. Has the warning voice of Washington been forgotten? Or have designs already been formed, to sever the Union?

It is impossible to look on the consequences which would inevitably follow the destruction of this government, and not feel indignant when we hear COLD CALCULATIONS about the value of the Union, and have so constantly before us a line of conduct so well calculated to weaken its ties.

In order to maintain the Union unimpaired, it is absolutely necessary, that the laws passed by the constituted authorities should be faithfully executed in every part of the country.

It would cease to be a government, and would be unworthy of the name, if it had not the power to enforce the execution of its own laws, within its own sphere of action.

It is from within—among yourselves—from cupidity, corruption, disappointed ambition, and unbridled thirst for power, that factions will be formed; and liberty endangered. It is against such designs, whatever disguise the actor may assume, that you have especially to guard yourselves.

If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve the Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it. [Thos. Jefferson, 1801.]

I believe this government the only one, where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order, as his own personal concern. [Thos. Jefferson, 1801.]

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive to this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it artificial and extraordinary force, to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.—Washington.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards, the very engines which had lifted them to unjust dominion. Washington.

A GAY SCENE IN ENGLAND.—The able London correspondent of the St. Louis Intelligencer gives quite a graphic picture of the prorogation of Parliament, thus:

All that England can boast of rank and beauty is assembled within the gorgeous House of Lords on this occasion. The Lords are in their emerald cloaks, the ladies in feathers and diamonds, the bishops in full robes. I remember last year how the old Duke entered, leaning on the arm of the beautiful Marchioness of Wellesley, whose portrait some of your readers may have seen, painted by Lussier, in last year's exhibition of art. The Queen enters in full state, with a constellated crown of diamonds, her train carried by four pages of gentle blood. A peer bearing the crown of state, another the sword, (the duke,) another the scepter, &c., form a very interesting procession. By the side of the Queen walks Prince Albert. He takes a seat on her left—the right is the seat of the Prince of Wales. Hilbert has not attended. One of the bishops read a short prayer. Two counsels, in black robes and wigs, demand the Queen's assent to certain bills. The Queen bows each time. The counsels bow in return and exclaim in old Norman French, "La reine va lent."

A rushing noise is then heard on the corridor, like a pack of Eton schoolboys. It is the honorable House of Commons rushing up stairs. When this uproar had subsided, the Queen, who had been conversing with Lady Londonderry, rises, and in a voice as clear as a silver bell, the metallic tones of which penetrate into every corner amid dead silence. The procession then leaves as it came; a blast of chivalrous trumpets, "God save the Queen," strikes out of the band of Guano; deafening cheers outside out of a loyal population; and the roar of artillery closes the session. It is a sight which every foreigner should endeavor to see if possible, but the tickets are very limited. All the ambassadors attend in full costume.

Dr. Chamberlain, the venerable and popular President of Oakland College, was murdered by a man named Briscoe, about the 1st of Sept. Briscoe perpetrated the diabolical deed in the house of the President, and in the presence of his family, stabbing him to the heart. He made his escape from the house, and put an end to his own life by taking poison.

KOSUTH.—The Mayor of New York has received a letter from Mr. Brown, secretary of legation at Constantinople, stating officially that Kosuth and his companions would leave for this country, in the United States frigate Mississippi, on the 1st [12th] September, and would probably arrive about the latter part of October.

SENATOR DAVIS AND THE DEMOCRACY.

In a speech delivered by Col. Davis in the capital, to "the Democratic Southern Rights" Convention, on the evening of the 18th of June last, he was rather facetious and sarcastic on that portion of the democratic party, as he termed them, who were then and now, acting with the Union party, and utterly opposing the views of the honorable Senator and his friends. He said that "a small portion of the democracy had left their old party associations, and had united with the federal consolidationists." He also declared that he and his political friends, "could spare all the Union democrats, who were now willing to acquiesce in the plan of adjustment, and they didn't particularly need their assistance in the present contest." That the Union democrats, by separating from the resistors, "had merely purged the true democratic party, and left it the more efficient in action." This was the language, which Col. Davis held on the 18th of June last, to a highly excited body of men, who exhibited more of what we regarded, as a revolutionary spirit, than we ever met before; and who appeared determined to shout themselves into a wild paroxysm of hysterics, at the close of every sentence uttered by their speaker.

Now that the Convention election is over, we should like to hear the commentaries of Col. Davis, upon Col. Davis in June last. Two months and a half, sometimes will make sad havoc among men, and especially in their opinions. We don't know that this is the case with Col. Davis; but we would like now to hear him, in a strain of indignant invective, indulging his sarcasms upon "the Union democrats," and declaring, with the eye of triumph, and manner of a hero in the ascendant, that he and his associates could spare the Union democrats in the present contest; that they, in separating from him and his political friends, "had merely purged the 'TRUE' democratic party!" True, the separation of the Union Democrats, from the gallant Colonel and his "Democratic Southern Rights party," purged them most effectually, until nothing is left, but a cold clammy skeleton, in the last stage of a cholera collapse, from which we fear that mustard, cayenne and "brandy," can't save them. We would like to know if Col. Davis still thinks that the Union democrats are the soundest elements of democracy, which can be most judiciously dispensed with in the present controversy, by the Simon pure democrats, of the nullification and dissolution order, who so fiercely and savagely denounced Gen. Jackson and his democratic supporters, from 1832, up to the close of his administration. These "unadulterated democrats" of '32 to '36, with Gov. Pickens and Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, denounced Andrew Jackson as a federal consolidationist, and as one who had abandoned his "supposed" democracy, when he issued his "ill-starred" proclamation to South Carolina. This is the class of democrats, who now consider their party purged of its unsound members when the Union, or Jackson democrats separate themselves from them!! We can hardly suppose that Col. Davis imagined, on the 18th of June, that the purgative depletion would have been carried to such a fearful extent as it has been in the election for members to the Convention, or he would have been a little more conciliatory in his manner towards them. We learn that it is now the policy of our opponents, to deal with the Union democrats "very gently." To be sure! It is reduced to a moral certainty that the Southern Rights party are rather too much in the viceroy, to rely upon their own strength for victory. Their longing eyes are most wistfully turned to the Union party to capture voters, for the purpose of redeeming themselves from a second Wilmot defeat, which we apprehend, no skill, courage or management can now evade. We were much amused, a few days ago, in seeing a letter from a Southern Rights whig to a whig friend, who is immovably fixed in his Union opinions, urging him and his whig friends of Jackson, to rally around and sustain him! So it seems that the whig wing of the Democratic Southern Rights party, to some degree at least, is calling for the old party lines to get votes from their former whig friends; while the self-styled democrats—(of the dissolution stripe) the pseudo democracy, are calling upon the old, pure, and undoubted democratic party, to unite with them, abandon their principles and assist them, as occasion may require, to tear the Union to pieces! This is surely a very modest request, and founded, no doubt, on a very reasonable expectation, by both wings of the Southern Rights party—the nullification whig wing, and the dissolution pseudo democratic wing!!

We shall very probably (now that Gov. Quitman has withdrawn) have some true and worthy secession democrats, upon whom the Union men of the old democracy, will be most pressing, eloquently and "gently" urged to cast their votes, to keep their party in the ascendant, and to prevent the whig party from gaining a whig triumph by a whig trick! This appeal will probably be rung on a thousand changes, and twisted into every possible form, and adapted to all tastes and conditions, to sustain one of the most important and dictatorial factions, with which the political contests of this country have ever been characterized. Our Union friends cannot but perceive the points upon which their fidelity to the cause of their country will be assailed, and being vigilant and guarded there, their triumph will be certain, and their victory complete.—Flag of the Union.

A NATURAL BRIDGE IN ALABAMA.—Prof. Towner, in his recent geographical exploration of this State, found a natural bridge in Walker county, about a mile from the main road, which rivals the celebrated one in Virginia. It spans about one hundred and twenty feet, with its height is about seventy. It is formed of massive sandstone, and is very symmetrical. The surrounding scenery is very grand, and lofty beech and hemlock trees growing on the bridge nearly shade it from the rays of the sun and add to the wild sublimity of the spot.—Mobile Register.

"Small by degrees and beautifully less," may be applied to the progress of political abolition in Kentucky, we think. In twenty-two counties, polled 29,205 votes, Mr. Cassius M. Clay received at the late election just 440 votes. New York Mirror.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. AN AUCTION SCENE.

Striding through our city, we chanced into an auction to see what bargains we could make.—The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?"
"I'll give you ten," says old lady.
"Going at ten! Going!—Going! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."
"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"Well, I thank a person not to bid if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer. "Going then at eight. Who says more than eight?"
"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite.
"Nine!—nine!—who says ten? Going at nine!—going!—gone! Yours, sir, cash takes it at nine cents."
"I didn't bid," said the gentleman. "I don't want it. I wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece."

[Auctioneer getting mad.] "If any one bids again they will have to take the article or get into trouble, [throwing down angrily the piece of calico.] Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper. What can I get for this! What do I hear!—anything you please!"
"I'll start it at five." "Ten," says another.
"Twelve and a half," says the third. "Thirteen," cries an old lady. "Fourteen! fifteen!" cried several voices.
"Fifteen I am offered!—fifteen!—done at fifteen!—can't dwell—going!—going!—Gone! Yours, sir, step up whoever bids."
No one came up—all eyes staring in various parts of the room.
"Gone, then at fourteen! Yours, sir, walk up here!"
But the bidder could not be made to walk up. "Thirteen, then madam, you can have it at your bid!"
"I didn't bid. What do you think I want with that article?" said the old lady indignantly.
"Here I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant stepped forward.
"Who says they'll take it at thirteen?"
"I do," said an old fat faced farmer.
"Well, sir, walk up and take it."
"I'm afraid it's stolen goods!" says the fat faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down and was about collecting the old man, when a person right behind him cried:
"Don't strike him! It was me that said you stole them!"

THE WHIG SENATOR FROM VERMONT, MR. PHELPS, SAYS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

Of the constitutionality of the act I never entertained a doubt. It is but the echo of the constitution itself. It may be modified; it may require modification in some particulars; but the modifications lie within the range of legislative discretion, and a difference of opinion in relation to them affects not the question of constitutionality. It would be difficult to carry out the provision of the constitution without a law substantially like the one in question. The main purpose of the act—the surrender of the fugitive—is demanded by the constitution itself; the manner of return is left to legislative provision. If there be anything objectionable in that, the remedy is by appeal to legislative discretion, not by resistance to the law. It appears to me that we have but one alternative—either to carry out the law or repudiate the constitution.

And yet this man Phelps voted against this act, "echo of the constitution." His conversion is one of the better signs of the times. He sees, or thinks he sees, which way the wind blows.

HOW VICTORIA POPPED THE QUESTION.—Our readers probably all remember the story about the manner in which Victoria first intimated to Prince Albert her preference for his youthful highness, by presenting to him, at a palace ball, her bouquet, and how the young Prince, saying to himself, no doubt, as the Yankee would have done on a like occasion, "there goes, darn the expense," ripped a slit in his "close uniform, but tamed up to his throat," and deposited the happy phenomenon in the locality "nearest his heart."

This, however, was not quite enough; and so her majesty, at a subsequent tete a tete with the Prince, after listening to his encomiums on England, plumply "popped the question" in this wise: "If your highness is pleased with the country, would you like to remain in it?" His reply may be easily guessed by any lady.

THE TRUE SENTIMENT.—The Richmond Republican, though averse to the conquest of Cuba by our government or people, cannot brook the wrong and inhumanity practiced by the Spanish tyrants of that Island, and exclaims: "It is the glory of England that she protects the humblest of her subjects in foreign lands. Every nation should follow her example, which would secure the respect of the world and the affections of its own citizens."

A NOVEL VIEW OF THE LOSS OF THE UNITED STATES.—After wandering for some hours thro' the town of St. Louis, I returned to the Planter's Hotel to dinner. I there met with a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made on Lake Michigan. During dinner he expatiated largely upon the wonders of America, but especially of Western States, and ended with this remark:

"I calculate, sir, that your Queen must now be informed that her grandchild did not live in England at the time of our independence, that he did not settle in this country and annex Great Britain to it! Your little life, sir, would make a pretty addition to this fine country!"—Cummings' Glimpse of the Great Western Republic.